

Print the complete address in plain black letters in the panel below, and your return address in the space provided. Use typewriter, dark ink, or pencil. Write plainly. Very small writing is not suitable.

No. 822775	Mr. And Mrs. Charles E. Loops	Lt. Frank W. Loops, O-667527 (Sender's name)
	5418 - 13th St., N.W.	432nd Sqdn., 17th Bomb Gp. (Sender's address)
	Washington, D. C.	A.P.O. 520, Postmaster, N.Y.C. N.Y.C.
	U. S. A.	August 23, 1943 (Date)

(CENSOR'S STAMP)

Hiya, folks,

Don't be surprised to find this in type, for today I'm a man of responsibility, and if I can still remember how to use one of these daddas, I'll usurp a little of my authority and use it. You guessed it. It finally caught up with me again, after once more. This is the first time since the time at Avon Park, so I guess I really shouldn't holler too loud. And although I don't have some of the worries that I had then, having unpteen airplanes on my hands for 24 hours in a war zone, isn't exactly do I care about things and stuff.

Holy cow! You should have seen all the mail that came for me yesterday. No about 3 tries at it. There were letters from everyone there. Some had been forwarded from Avon, but most of them went to my first APO and from the postmarks on them, they have been kicking around all over Africa, and then some! The dates range anywhere from about the middle of April till the middle of June. There were lots from all of you, Henry, People at the AFU, Col Ames, and one even from George Porter whom I went to pre flight school, and Primary with. He had quit during Basic, been returned to a private, gone to CCS in Miami, and is now in Winston-Salem, doing something that the Army has originated since I left the States. It just happened that he wrote at that time. While we were in Florida, I met a man from George's home town and asked if he knew him. He said yes, and that he was going up there soon, and would see his mother. I gave him one of my cards, wrote my address on it and asked him to give it to his mother, thinking no more about it. It just goes to show you, that no matter where you go or who you see, after all this is over, you will know someone, no matter where it is.

We are all real industrious at this point. Some of the squadrons started to build themselves an Officer's Club, and not to be out done, we scouted around, been finding all sorts of scrap building materials, and set to work like beavers. It will be pretty swanky when we get it done. We have plenty of labor, as all the officers are doing the work, but there is a shortage on tools. At first they wanted to know who had had experience doing that sort of work, or the supervision of that kind of work, but we finally got up 2 or 3 of us, to sorta watch over. I told them that that kind of work used to be right up my alley, but at the time, I had someone under me that I could boss, and that I'd no more undertake it trying to boss a bunch of people who would like to build it their own way, each one, and could give me an argument for it at each step! It will be pretty nice, the when it's finished. It will give us some place to go and relax. It will be just our luck to have to move just as soon as it is finished!

Tell Ma to have those watermelons grown and iced when I get back there. You should see the little ones they grow here. They're no bigger than a small bowling ball! By the way. I finally got the letter telling me about Paul Winkler, etc. etc. Glad you got to know him, they don't come better. Bye now

V M A L L